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THOSE LIONS.

Sunday-school Teacher: WHY DID NOT THE LIONS TOUCH DANIEL?

American Boy (who reads the newspapers): COS THEY WERE 'FRAID TO.

Teacher: WHY?

A. B.: COS THEY WERE BRITISH LIONS!

AMERICAN'S
SVMISSUED
EVERY
WEDNESDAYTen Cents
a CopySOCIE
TY.LITERA
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SUSTREA
CURY.DR
AM
A.



VOL. VI. OCTOBER 29TH, 1885. NO. 148.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THERE was recently unveiled in one of our public squares a statue to a "departed philanthropist" who lived in this city for many years, and built up a large fortune and an aristocratic family.

He occupied a front seat at all revivalist meetings held in our midst for two decades previous to his demise. His autograph was a familiar one among those which during his lifetime were always affixed to petitions requesting the populace to place wholly pure but impracticable men in office. He occasionally thrilled an audience of indignant mass meeters with his eloquence.

His amen was frequently the loudest in prayers of thanksgiving, offered by missions situated in the midst of questionable society, for the redemption of an erring brother or sister, as the case might be.

In short, he held himself aloof from the common run of sinners and occupied a correspondingly high position in the ranks of the righteous.

For this his bronze effigy is set up for the public to gaze upon and to point some moral—unfortunately unknown to us—to rising generations.

His friends will doubtless be horrified at the question, but we nevertheless ask it: Why is he thus honored?

Are there not thousands of citizens in our streets to-day who have lived equally useful and righteous lives, with possibly less parade of their righteousness and utility, who never dream of occupying a pedestal on the public square of fame?

Is the fact of the familiarity of his autograph on public petitions sufficient basis for such distinction?

Was his indignant eloquence of so high an order as to rank him with our already effigized statesmen? Were his contributions to literature upon the redemption of sinners, of such literary merit as would entitle him to a brazen cast upon the public thoroughfare along with Scott, Shakespeare and others?

Is the fact of his having built up a large fortune and an

aristocratic family so unparalleled an achievement that his effigy is to adorn the Market Place?

It would seem that this last has much to do with the case. Had he not built up a large fortune and an aristocratic family, the features of the late philanthropist would doubtless never have occupied a front seat on a granite pedestal. This is not a monument to departed "worth," evidently.

If the "worth" had departed this monument would not have arrived.

IT must not be thought that we have aught to say in disparagement of the character of the deceased gentleman.

That is far above criticism, which, unfortunately, cannot be said of the taste of the movers of the present enterprise.

THE pretence of the *New York Times* and *Harper's Weekly*, that the election of Ira Davenport will be a practical endorsement of President Cleveland's Administration, is as sagacious as the assumption on the part of the *Sun* that the defeat of Hill will be a slap in his face.

Mr. Cleveland's Administration and the coming election in this State are entirely distinct. Had the Administration endeavored to influence the Democratic or Republican conventions, these assumptions would have been less idiotic.

The election of Ira Davenport and defeat of Governor Hill will mean simply this: that the people of this Empire State have more faith in an honest, fair-minded candidate with a clean record than they have in a demagogue of an honesty which, to say the least, is under grave suspicion, and who has already disgraced their State by his conduct in the office which chance threw in his way.

ANOTHER demand upon patriotic citizens has been made by the Bartholdi Statue Committee.

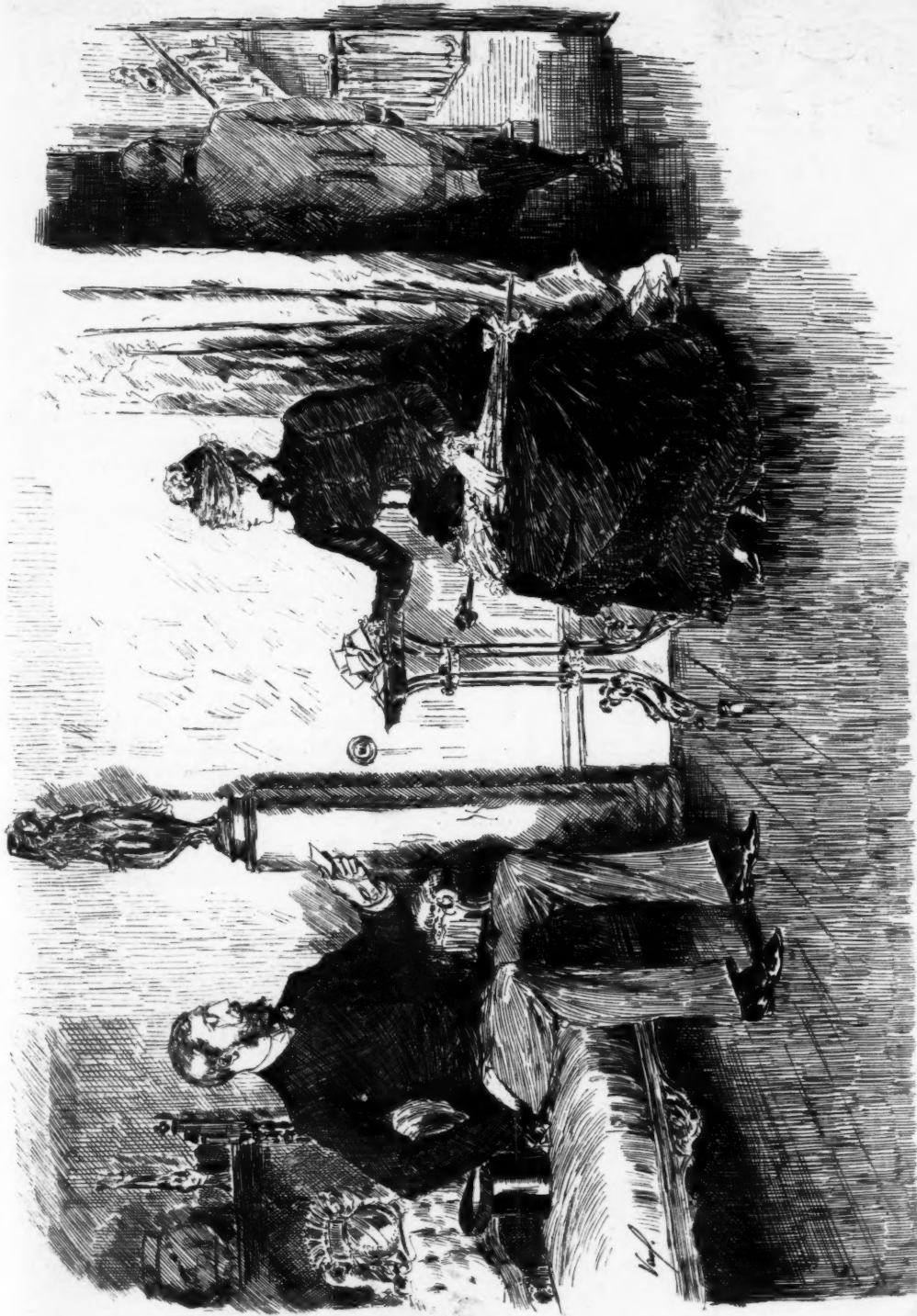
This time only a bagatelle of \$40,000 is needed to induce Mistress Liberty to stay on her pedestal and not go wandering off into the watery wastes of the Bay.

Pleasant sort of a gift this!

Something like a lame horse with a big appetite.

It has only cost us a trifle over \$300,000 to have this bit of fraternal affection bestowed upon us, and as a bond of union between two great republics it is worthy of all possible respect. At the same time we sincerely trust that when France takes her usual empiric or monarchic pill, she will not insist upon sending us over another token of her esteem, appropriate to the new form of government.

It might be cheaper in the end for a syndicate of our rich men to get up a fund to buy the Frenchmen off; or we might assume a portion of France's national debt, the contract to include a clause prohibiting any further gift enterprises.



SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

Hobson Jones: YES, MISS CLARA GAVE ME EVERY REASON TO THINK THAT SHE WAS INTERESTED IN ME, BUT WHEN I ASKED HER TO BE MY WIFE SHE UNQUALIFIEDLY REFUSED.

Mrs. de Bullion: ON WHAT GROUNDS DID SHE REFUSE YOU?

Hobson Jones: ON THE LAWN TENNIS GROUNDS IN HER FATHER'S OWN YARD.



INDIAN SUMMER.

TO Florida damp
Now skippeth the tramp;
From Jersey the skeeter doth flee,
And out from the North
The wind cometh forth
To boozle the bumblesome bee.

The seller of fuel
Now eateth the gruel
Of pleasure, and likewise the plumber
In joyousness blooms,
For bus-i-ness booms
At the close of the Indian Summer.

* * *

THE Barbers' *Gazette* has swung out for Governor Hill.
The Governor will have to give up the chair to Mr.
Davenport when the State barber cries "Next!" on November 3d.

* * *

JAY GOULD has not tasted liquor for twenty-five years.
A hankering after water has always been one of Mr.
Gould's characteristics.

* * *

HWNTWS is the name applied to the inhabitants of the
South of Wales by the people of the North.

These Hwntws must be some relation to the unspeakable
Turk.

* * *

THE word yacht is derived from the Dutch verb "jagten,"
meaning to pursue swiftly.

According to this the *Genesta* must have been the only
yacht in the recent International race.

* * *

"**W**AL I never," said Mrs. Spriggins. "They say this
Flood Rock is full of fissures. I wonder why
they do n't catch 'em."

* * *

A BOSTON paper calls a defaulting cashier "A Spotted
Adder."

Yes, and Canada is the place for these spotted adders to
moccasin.

* * *

GINN & CO., of Boston, are said to be large publishers
of temperance tracts.

* * *

SIBERIAN cats are now the fashion.

This is doubtless the effect of the Siberian day the
Sun's cat, the leader of feline fashions, experienced about a
year ago.

WE greatly fear that it is nothing more or less than pro-
fessional jealousy that has caused Mr. Stedman to
omit Rollin Milton Squire from his "Poets of America."

* * *

IT has been ascertained that the scratching of a Mugwump
will disclose a Republican.

If General Carr cannot keep in check his propensity for al-
luding to the "traitors who are now governing this country,"
he will afford voters a fine opportunity to discover what the
scratching of a bloody-shirt Republican will disclose.

* * *

GEN. HAZEN has written a book on the war.

If it is no more reliable than his reminiscences of the
weather, we are afraid the general's work will meet with a
harsh reception.

* * *

LEVY, the cornetist, has gone to Germany on a profes-
sional tour.

We warn Prince Bismarck that he will find the great
blower a worthy rival.

* * *

NEW YORK Republicans should take pains to inform
the country that they have not nominated "Johnny"
Davenport for Governor. He is the only Davenport with a
national notoriety and would not make a good candidate for
Governor.

* * *

A BRITISH humorist in the London *Punch*, commenting
on the fact that there is a promised revival of "roman-
tic drama in London," asks if this means "rheumatic
drama?" One cannot help being convulsed at this witty
sally. Both words begin with "r" and end with "tic," and
the substitution of one for the other must tickle all loyal sub-
jects of the Queen.

* * *

IT is announced that the U. S. Navy will soon have four of
the best war ships in the world. Are the *Priscilla* and
Puritan to be turned into swift cruisers? The latter boat
can, from long experience, accommodate all the spare cap-
tains in the service, and will be invaluable in disabling British
ships, if occasion offers.

* * *

LONDON *Truth* announces that the Prince of Wales
is Colonel of over forty English regiments, and the
statement is creating a dark suspicion that he has Kentucky
blood in his veins.



THOUGHTS ON DECORATION.—No. 1.
"LAWN TENNIS," A PANEL À LA MOYR SMITH.

A CHOICE.

BETWEEN the years 1880 and 1884 the central belt of Mexico was the scene of many humorous situations between the American civil engineers and railroad men, who could not speak Spanish, and the natives of Mexico, who were connected with the railroad work then being vigorously pushed. On one occasion C. C. Coyle (an American of Irish birth), a blustering, violent-tempered superintendent of works, was in trouble with a subordinate, a descendant of the Montezumas, who had the characteristics of his race, that of superficial politeness, of taking off his hat and saying, in a most differential tone, "*Si, señor*" (Yes, sir) to every sentence uttered. Our Irish friend Coyle was lecturing him in his choicest English, thus:

"Ye hev yer ordthers plain and clear."
"Si, señor."
"Ye niver obey thim."
"Si, señor."
"Divel a time."
"Si, señor."
"Ye 're a loire!"
"Si, señor."
"Ye towled the thruth thin."
"Si, señor."
"Go now, an' no mour blarney about it!"
"Si, señor."
"BUT FI DO N'T YE GO?"
"Si, señor."
"GO, THIN!!!"
"Si, señor."
"Do ye think I'm a d—n fool to be standin' here a blagardin' wod ye?"
"Si, señor."

As this same Coyle was noted for the number of revolvers he carried about the result was painful.

HER FATHER WAS A FINANCIER.

"AND where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Canada, sir," she said.

"And why are you going up there, my dear?"
"The old man, sir, is a bank cashier."

"And when are you coming back?" said I.
"As soon, kind sir, as the clouds roll by."

"And when, pretty maiden, may that time be?"
"When all the directors are 'stiffs,'" quoth she.

W. S. C.



THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

A NOVEL which faithfully though ideally reflects the life and country with which the author's deepest experiences are associated is the very best form of fiction; a novel drawing its whole inspiration from other books is the worst. It is merely a mirror which dimly reflects another's fancies.

The best thing about Miss Murfree's (Craddock's) stories is that a new country is revealed to us by one who is a loving interpreter. It is not mere landscape painting. That is often dreary enough. It is the association of the moods of Nature with the moods of man.

The gray, desolate plain and grim parapets of Fort Despair, the long rows of soldiers' empty graves, the ghostly roll of drums and clash of steel were an inseparable part of the lives

of those whose fortunes we followed in "Where the Battle was Fought."

IN her later story, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," Miss Murfree has used this art with even greater effect. The "mighty and majestic domes" rise before our fancy "always enwrapped in the illusory mists, always touching the evasive clouds."

Amid so much grandeur move dwarfed, narrow and misshapen lives, and yet so filled with common humanity that we are in sympathy with them. And when we find one among them capable of the supremest sacrifice, in that he gave his life for another, we feel that the sublimity of the great peaks has reflected itself in a man.

ALL the subtle changes in color, sound and even odor, which the sinking sun, the rising moon, the thunder shower in the cove, the chill of autumn or the fall of snow, cause on the peaks and in the valleys of the Great Smoky Mountains, are delicately and with rare poetic feeling impressed upon the reader.

And in interiors this adroit coloring of the background is done with equal effect. The two scenes in the moonshiners' cave, the dramatic episode in the mountain church, and the fireside group in Old Cayce's cabin on the snowy night of the murder—all are pictures in which art is the helpmeet of emotion.

NOT the least skilful thing in this novel is the marked individuality of these rude mountaineers. They all talk the same dialect, dress in home-spun, live in the same rude surroundings, and are moved by similar emotions; and yet each is a distinct creation and not a type. This is the perfection of character drawing.

Several tendencies may be noted, in conclusion, which are in danger of developing into serious faults: Cleverly constructed dialect cannot make entertaining a stupid conversation; a fine background must be subsidiary to dramatic situations; word-painting is marred by strange and cumbersome polysyllables. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Droch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BRIC-A-BRAC STORIES. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Walter Crane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Marvels of Animal Life. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Roses of Shadow. A novel. By T. R. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Historical Atlas, comprising 141 maps; to which is added an explanatory text by Robert H. Labberton. Eighth edition. New York: Townsend MacConn.

Souvenirs of a Diplomat. By Chevalier De Bacourt, Minister of France to the U. S. With a memoir of the author by the Comtesse de Mirabeau. Translated from the French. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A romance. By Lord Byron. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE ENGLISH IN 1880.

CHAPTER I.

THE ABORIGINAL AND ORIGINAL NEW YORKER.



It is said that the most original of the aboriginal New Yorkers was not impressed with the importance of that city, either as a thing of beauty or as a commercial centre.

That this should be so is not at all surprising, inasmuch as the primeval forest was not more solitary, nor the outlook from the Ark more unpromising than was New York City when he who was its citizen *facile princeps* first set foot on its inhospitable shores.

Just how this lonely monarch of all he surveyed perpetuated himself we are not able to discover, and whether he had to begin perpetuating all over again at the time of the deluge is by no means clear. There is no evidence on the records of the presence of a New Yorker on the ark, although we know that Noah had in his menagerie two of every kind of beast.

That he who rejoiced in the euphonic name of Ham eventually reached Cincinnati is now a matter of common history, and it may be that he was the founder of the man of whom we write, in which case the citizens of New York are strangely lacking in that filial feeling which leads a man to venerate the birthplace of his ancestors.

The race founded by this mysterious individual were a revelation to the law-abiding citizens of the old world. Not to Europeans alone were such marks of civilization as an aristocracy, a middle class, and an exceedingly low class. And here, as in the old world, the Lo class were the workers and builders up of the future greatness of the section.

The Indian knew how to cheat his brother as well as the Frenchman. He was fully as capable of sitting in a wigwam, smoking his pipe while his squaw did all the work, as was the Dutchman of that period or this, and he was as much of an adept in squatting on another's territory and continuing to own it thereafter as was the England of his day, and since his day of this peculiarity there has been no end.

Most interesting, indeed, is it to follow the daily life and

note the customs of our aboriginal settlers, so similar in many respects to our own.

Their houses were on an average twenty feet in width, but very low, making up in depth what they lacked in height. An Indian flat house was never known to fall when the inspector sneezed, although it sometimes contained as many as thirty families, each with a ground floor suite and privilege to dig cellars themselves if they so desired.

There was no need of fire escapes, but boats were always kept in the parlor for water escapes, the Indians having a greater fear of this than of any other element.

The historian, Valentine, tells us that they were fond of display in dress, a fact which some extant woodcuts, showing sundry leaders of New York society of that day clad in smiles and innocence, seem to corroborate, although in recording this fact it seems to the writer that a better choice of words might have been made, and *display in undress* have been used to designate such a condition of affairs.

Commerce was of very little importance, but a fair trade was carried on with the inhabitants of New Jersey, a trip to whose shores was the midsummer recreation of the upper ten Indians. These latter were accustomed to import large quantities of foreign made scalps on their return, which caused considerable dissatisfaction among home producers, who clamored for protection. About the sole protec-

tion accorded them was given over a roaring faggot fire, it being the custom for citizens then to swallow their objections when they ran counter to the upper ten, or else consent to be swallowed themselves by the privileged class.

It has often been noticed that the upper ten is superior to the lower million by a large majority.

We do not find that such professions as the law, medicine and ministry were overcrowded in the pre-Hudsonic times, and the room at the bottom was as commodious as the proverbial room at the top of the ladder of to-day.

The chief profession of the age consisted in getting enough food to eat, and to say that the Indians entered into the business of the day with hearty zeal and appetite is but feebly expressing the zest with which they as a rule followed out the daily routine of numberless meals. They had their regularly incorporated Produce Exchange, and the ceremony of laying the corner-twig was observed by them with as much pomp and vanity of speech as was that of the cornerstone of our own noble structure. The wig-

wam in which the clam brokers and engineers of corners in wild turkeys transacted their business was situated within a few rods of the Battery Park, and was sumptuous in its appointments. Whether the broker of that day was as fresh as his modern counterpart is not shown by the records, but, if he was, there are surprisingly few massacres to record.



NUMBER ONE.

BITS OF NEWS.

CANON FARRAR seems to be loaded to the muzzle.

THE King of Servia will mobilize his carriage driver, and send him to the front.

SOME of the fashionable ladies are introducing cat parties. The craze is supposed to proceed from a desire to cultivate the mews.

THE southward movement of the Russian troops is ascribed to a desire on the part of the Czar to get a Turkish bath.

SIR RICHARD SUTTON, while pacing the deck of the *Genesta* on his return home, stepped on a banana skin and sat down heavily on the starboard tack. The tack was drawn out of him with a claw hammer, and he resumed his usual equanimity.



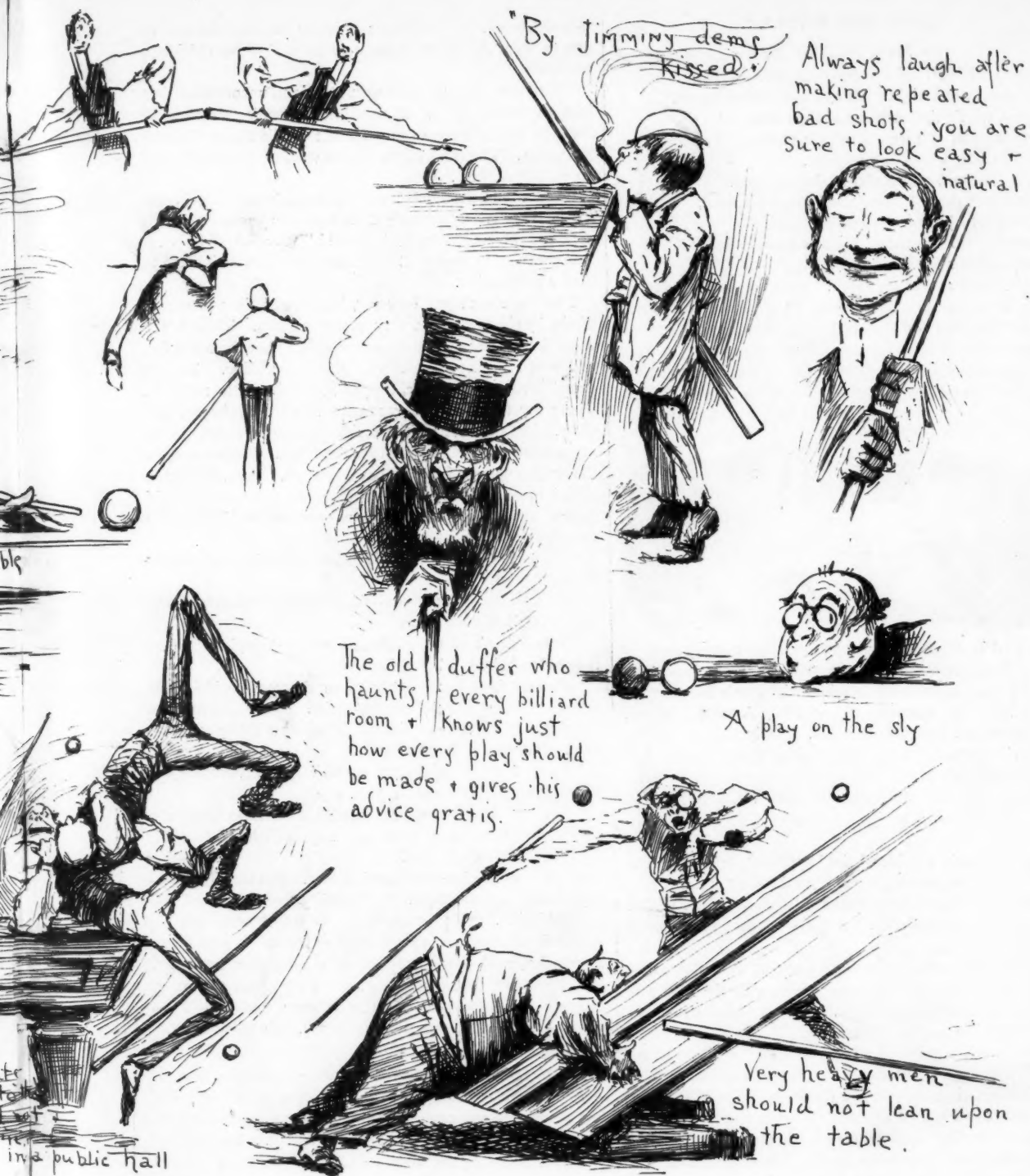
Chinese Puzzle.

Make your own joke.

Attitude is one half
the game.

Forceful arguments
pertaining to the
game should not
be indulged in,
especially in a public

KNIGHTS OF THE



in a public hall

OF THE CUE.

ABOUT BEN BUTLER.

NO. 79467 OF THIS TITLE.

ABOUT BEN BUTLER (may his tribe decrease),
 Awoke one night from a dream void of peace,
 And saw, within the darkness of the room,
 Making it glow, as 't were a tulip in bloom,
 A Devil, eating with a silver spoon.
 Being well acquainted, Butler spake full soon.
 "What eatest thou?" The Devil raised his head,
 And, with a look meant to inspire dread,
 Answered, "No questions; hie thee back to bed!"
 "Is that spoon mine?" asked Butler.
 "Nay, not so," replied the Devil. Butler spake more low;
 "I pray thee, then, is't one of those I took from other men?"
 The Devil grinned and vanished. The next night
 He came again in a red calcium light,
 And showed more spoons marked with a Southern crest,
 And said, "Some day, old man, you 'll know the rest!"

Julia de Wolf Gibbs.

TWELVE little maidens, not quite as unwary as they looked, came in from the wilds of New Jersey the other day, and presented themselves with much demure side play at the stage entrance of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. "Ladies wanted for chorus in Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Boston 'Mikado' company," were the magical words which had lured the damsels into Gotham. "No previous experience necessary," was the gratifying corollary which had added extra fuel to the already vigorous fires of their girlish ambition.

"Oh, my!" said a golden-haired applicant, as she stood at the door, "think of us going to make our day-butt on the American stage. Girls, we have nothing to do but look pretty, pose and draw our salaries. It's the cutest profession in the world."

"And, Sissie," said another, in a burst of exuberant satisfaction, "look at those things over there, with the high collars on, and cunning little bangs. They 'll come to meet us every night if we can only please them."

It was merely a group of etherealized boys which had attracted the young lady's attention. But to the twelve little New Jersey natives they looked like men—prettier, brighter and more attractive than any they had ever seen.

"Come in, ladies," said the man at the stage door. "Keep straight ahead and turn to the right. The stage manager is waiting for you." The twelve little maidens trotted nimbly along the encumbered stage, and cast awe-struck glances at the empty auditorium which looked horribly gloomy and

unsatisfactory. "I'll ask him to let us see the dresses we are to wear before we engage ourselves," whispered Sissie, anxiously.

There was the stage manager, stern and uncompromising, standing before them. It was Mr. Stetson's intention, he said, to organize a company for the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston. The work of the chorus would be very light, and so on and so forth.

"We would so much like to see the dresses," suggested Sissie, timidly. "Just to get an idea, you know, of what is expected of us. You understand?" No, he did n't. It was contrary to custom to understand. Could n't listen to such a proposition.

The stage manager, however, happened to be a man, and Sissie, by chance, was a very pretty woman. Though she came from New Jersey she knew what eyes were made for, and acted in accordance with that knowledge. To the dressing-rooms, therefore, tripped the twelve little maidens. There lay the Japanese garments, in all their length and glory. But the twelve little maidens almost dropped in the amazement with which they saw the robes. Sissie clung to the stage manager in tragic bewilderment. Josie, her sister, sank into a chair, frightfully *perdue*; the golden-haired girl gasped and choked with alarming earnestness. The others turned pale.

"They're—long—dresses," articulated Sissie, nearly recovering.

"They—come—down—to—the—ankles," murmured Josie, with a bottle of salts at her nose.

"Why—do n't—you—advertise—for—cripples?" asked the golden-haired girl, gurglingly.

"Monstrosities could wear those dresses," sobbed another. "We're n-n-not monstrosities. We—we—we have complete use of our—our limbs. Th-th-that's why we came here. Boo-hoo!"

"I can w-wear tights just as well as—as Vernona Jarbeau," piteously exclaimed a fifth.

"And—if—if my figure is n't better than Billee Barlow's, I—I'll g-go into a dime museum," wept a sixth.

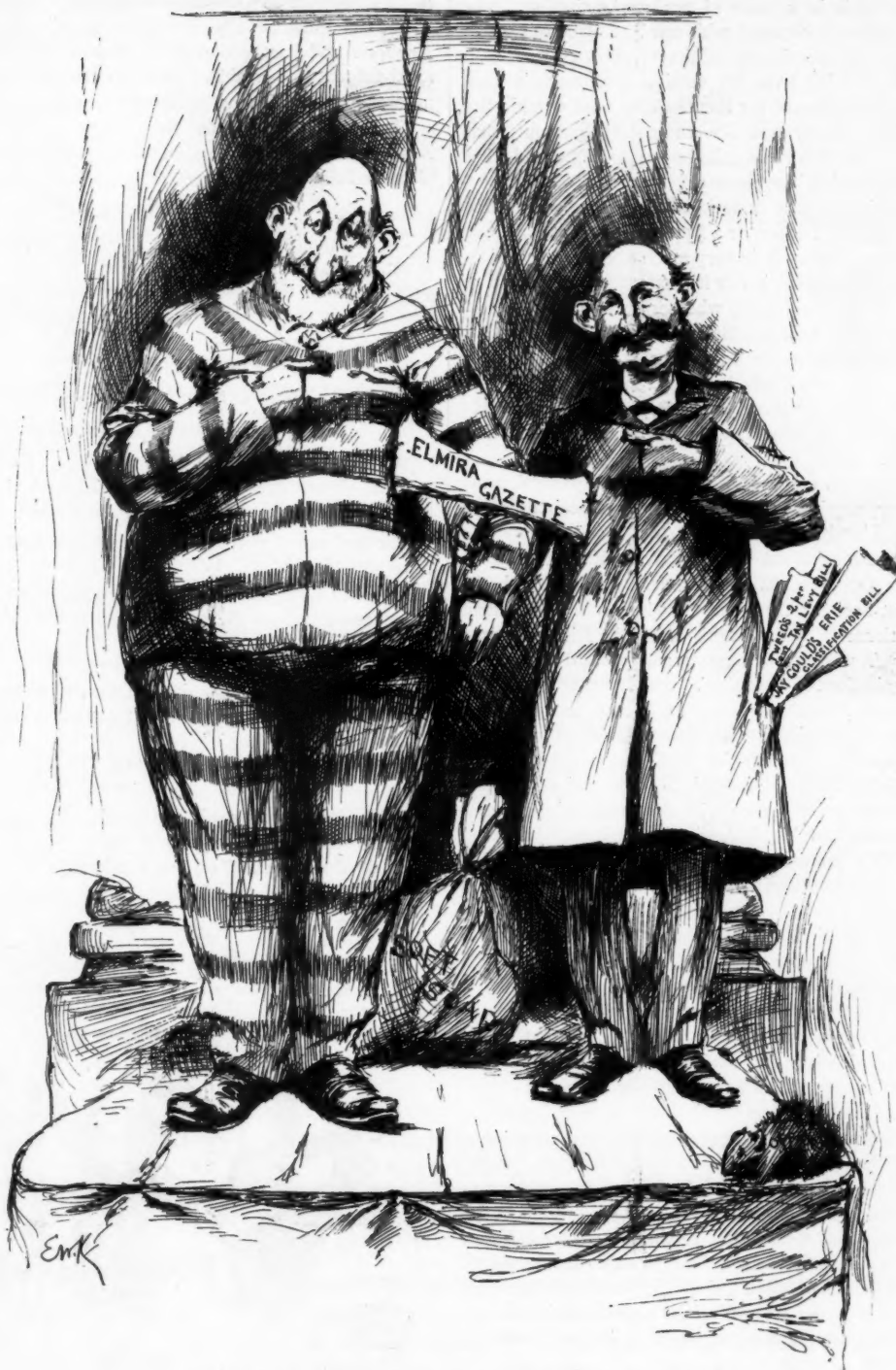
"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Sissie recovered self-possession first. She turned tragically to the stage manager. "You call yourself a Man," she said, furiously. "You can't be one, or you'd never ask respectable Girls to wear such Things as those. It's an insult to our Sex, and we won't brook it. Come, girls, let us go. We'll join the 'Adonis' company. They won't ask us to disgrace ourselves there. We're Women, and they'll respect us as such. Good-morning to you. Good-morning."

* * *

AS *Cyprienne*, in "Divorçons," Mme. Judic was seen to greater advantage than in any other of the rôles she has assumed in this city. In Sardou's charming comedy the French artist was perfectly at home, and this fact was at once recognized by the audience. Mme. Judic was perhaps a trifle too plump to present a pleasing appearance when seated coyly on M. Mezières' knee. But—fortunately for M. Mezières—she was not there long.

Alan Dale.



TWEEDLE-DUMB AND TWEEDLE-D. B. HILL.

FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

ALL Europe is in a state of profound agitation. The atmosphere is charged with war! There are enough of these small but perplexing affairs to allow three to each nation, with a few left over for outside consumers in case there should be a demand for them. The great trouble lies in the inability of any one Government to find out what other Government it is to be called upon to fight, and what degree of preparation is necessary.

Russia, for instance, is undecided whether to get a \$100 outfit to pit against Turkey, or a \$500 complement for a war with England. Turkey is in very much the same position, and for the life of him, her or it (sex unknown outside of *Sun* office) the Porte can't tell whether it will become necessary to endeavor to balk the Balkans, rush the Russians or seek to get the bulge on the Bulgarians.

Germany is undecided whether to get in a broil with Spain or not, and has left the matter to the Pope, who will probably conclude that he will take Yap and let Spain and Germany have the war.

England wants to fight badly, but her only general is too busy just now acquiring titles to look for somebody small enough to be hit without a reaction.

In France political matters are in a dreadful state of confusion. The Opportunists are in a deadly quarrel with the Inopportunist-Socialist-Communists owing to the treatment of the Reactionaries by the latter's allies, the Riendetoostists. The returns from different departments around Paris show a decided gain for the Collationist and Bonapartist factions over the majority of the Whateveristists of last year. M. Rochefort is hopeful that the Bourbon element of the Monarchist party will be overcome by the Conservative-Coalitionists, although M. Goblet of the Bibulist side of the Anarchist faction declares that any union with the progressive Scrutin-delists will meet with his determined opposition. Just what the upshot of the matter will be it is difficult to predict, but it is highly probable that some sort of a compromise will become necessary.

The Syndicate of Licensed Vendors have presented a memorial to the Chamber of Deputies, stating that they will withdraw their support from the Republican party unless they are allowed free access to the corridors of the Grand Opera House. They complain very naturally that imported voices are to be heard nightly in that magnificent edifice, and it is not right for the Government to discourage home talent.

A census of pretenders to the throne was taken last week, and the returns show that there are 4,000 Bourbon princes, 720 Bonapartes, and one claimant dating back to Charlemagne. Pending the recovery of the throne from the store-room of Versailles, the Bourbons are engaged in such trades as teaching dancing, speculating in theatre tickets and running bath-houses on the Seine. The Bonapartes are mostly members of the Licensed Vendor Syndicate, and are very hopeful for the future, regarding the recent appointment of one of their number to a minor position in the Morgue as very significant.

They hardly feel, however, that the time for action has

come, as the Morgue is not considered even in France a solid enough basis for another *Coup d'état*.

The descendant of Charlemagne is an usher in the *Theatre Français* and has renounced all claim to the throne, owing to the threat of President Grévy to remove him from his ushership as an offensive partisan unless he did so.

That preparations for the Restoration are active, however, is shown by the following manifesto with which Paris was placarded this morning:

CITIZENS OF PARIS.

The Republic trembles. The spirit of Napoleon is in the street, the palace and the mart. The wise man maketh the preparation in the beforehand. Let us wait in the peace. The hour is not far off when the change will come. In the meanwhile use the

PLON-PLON SOAP.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Yours for health and empire,
[Signed] BONAPARTE.

P. S.—Remember Solferino! Bonaparte, he pays the freight. Forty francs per case of twenty cakes.

The excitement caused by this is intense, and sixty arrests have been made.

President Grévy is said to have fled to Greece, fearing another revolution, but the rumor lacks confirmation.

Carlyle Smith.

"MISS BROWN," asked a little girl of her governess, "what was Papa doing the other evening when he held your hand so long?"

"Oh, that was palmistry, my dear."

"Does Mamma know about it?"

"No. Pa-mystery again, darling."

"And suppose she had caught you?"

"I'd palmysteries off on her, precious."

GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE—Tramps.

THE BOSTONIANS—Ben Butler and Sullivan.



(La Caricature.)

AUTUMN FASHIONS FOR LADIES.



IT JUST OCCURRED TO HIM.

"Is this the last train north?" asked a stout little gentleman, rushing into a railway station.
"No, there is another in forty-five minutes. All aboard!" cried the conductor.

"Almost an hour to wait!" sighed the little man, dropping into a seat and mopping his brow with his handkerchief.
"But you have plenty of time to catch this train," said the conductor.

"This train? Well, I'm blamed; of course I have. I'm so used to catching the last train—whoop! hold on!" and the little gentleman bolted through the door for the cars.—*Ex.*

CHOCK FULL OF TESTIMONY.

JUDGE (to small witness): Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Small Witness (doubtfully): N-no, sir.

Judge: Do you not know what you are to tell?

Small Witness (doubts cleared away): Oh, yes, sir. That baldheaded old lawyer over there told me what to tell.

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MRS. O'TOOLE: "An' how is Mr. Mulcahey getting along?"
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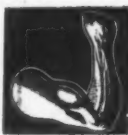
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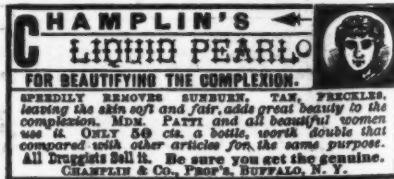
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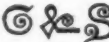
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